

# ILLINOIS ENGLISH BULLETIN

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## Some of the Best Illinois High School Poetry of 1947

Selected by CHARLES W. ROBERTS

University of Illinois

### FOREWORD

THE compiler of this collection of student writing must admit that he has not been able to examine all of the best compositions produced in all Illinois high schools in the last year. He trusts that the selection he has made from the material submitted is representative of what is being done by the better students in schools throughout the state. It is his earnest hope that teachers and students will accept the challenge which this issue offers and will resolve now to be represented in next year's anthology. All contributions should be addressed to *Illinois English Bulletin*, 204a Lincoln Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Each manuscript should bear the name of the author, his graduating class numeral, the name of his high school, and the name of his English teacher. No manuscripts will be returned unless they are accompanied by return postage.

Additional copies of this issue are available at ten cents a copy in orders of ten or more mailed to one address. Teachers and students of composition will find detailed discussion of the contents interesting and profitable.

C. W. R.

## MYSELF

Being myself, I am  
Neither small nor great,  
Big nor little ;  
Not any exact thing  
Or its direct opposite  
Or even just average.  
I sing no touching cry,  
No song of passion,  
But of myself—  
Immature,  
Incomplete,  
Unfinished.

Of my body—  
Lanky, girlish,  
And awkward,  
Strong without real strength.  
Of my mind—  
Inquiring, discovering,  
Full of things inane.

Of my other being—  
Dearly called my soul,  
Complex with  
Contradictions ;  
Like all of myself,  
A wooden plank  
With rough edges  
Aching for the sandpaper  
Of maturity.

It is difficult  
To understand  
This perplexing thing I call  
Myself.

— DOROTHY DURBROW '48  
West H. S., Rockford  
Lois Dilley, teacher

## AN IMITATION OF THE POEM "DEFINITIONS"

Freedom  
Is a bird soaring  
Truth  
Is a lily white  
Love  
Is eyes adoring  
Hate  
Is a constant fight  
Courage  
Is a lighted lamp  
Trust  
Is an open gate  
Tear  
Is a fog so damp  
Loneliness  
Is an endless wait  
Slyness  
Is the shifting sand  
Grief  
Is a lasting pain  
Kindness  
Is an outstretched hand  
Mercy  
Is the gentle rain.

— FLORENCE BAKER '47  
Decatur High School  
Wilmer A. Lamar, teacher

## THE FOG

A misty veil hangs o'er the land ;  
Hidden is the sun.  
All round about is bathed in grey.  
Earth and sky are one.

— MARGIE SAMUEL '49  
University H. S., Urbana  
Dorothy Swindell, teacher

## PUNK

Joe had always been okay.  
There wasn't many kids like him  
With guts and brains and drive enough  
To land a job, to keep it up  
From day to day when, even from  
Inside, he knew : he knew the fight  
Was through before a roughened glove  
Touched skin. No force could raise or even hold  
Him even with the filth no one should know?  
But all bore down on shoulders yet  
Unmarked by manly strength or squared  
By will when misdirected. Surely  
Pride was not the thread which held,  
When compassed by unraveled ends  
Of smothered dreams and long-lost  
Hope of finding self-respect again.  
To anyone outside his barren room  
The fact of mere existence was  
At once a speculation and amazement ;  
Only constant dread, and cursing  
At a switchless glaring bulb  
Which lit a smooth-worn bed and chair  
Then gave him strength to live and  
Carry out a bitterness toward those  
Above and some below his place  
In earth's unjust society.

Thus it started.  
Thinking back through all that  
Happened far too quickly for a  
Boy, or man, to keep alive in mind,  
A scene kept shaping, softened in its  
Frequent coming, but unchanged as  
When it first appeared to him.  
The bulb now throws a lighter shadow,  
Leaves unstreaked the dirt filmed  
Walls and levels out a cluttered floor  
That once would sag with brittle

Crackings when he fell upon the bed  
At night. Now nothing is the same.  
No use to think of what will happen.  
Thinking in a place like his can  
Make a minute last an hour or  
Stretch a day to equal months.  
The slightest sound is cause enough  
To stir the whole block into murmured  
Thoughts of what awaits each person  
There, behind a bolted one-way door.  
You just can't face a year of life and  
Stand untroubled where the feet  
Of other men now might have been.  
He knew his turn would come today ;  
Joe knew a lot of useless things,  
And nothing helped him now.  
So it ended.

— ALLEN HAASE '48  
Evanston Township High School  
Ralph Potter, teacher

### A PRAYER

This much, and only this, I know :  
That last night's snow  
Fell centuries ago,  
And will, ten thousand years from now,  
Drift slowly down  
To hush the town,  
Where, let us pray, no man shall wake  
Weeping for his brother's sake.

— SHIRLEY ANNE KNESS '47  
J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero  
W. J. Suchy, teacher



## A TRAIN TO THE SEA

## DEDICATION

"She was a Form of Life and Light,  
That, seen, became a part of sight;  
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,  
The Morning-star of Memory!"

BYRON.

## PROLOGUE

This is the tale of  
A Train to the sea,  
A tale of the trail of  
A Train to the Sea.

## I

The lights are now on in the little building;  
The agent must see—  
A slow, low, blowing comes on the twisted air—  
A puff,  
And then a cloud of soiled and smoky steam rushes onward,  
onward—  
A clink,  
And then a clang of drilling, drubbing drivers on gray steel—  
A glint,  
And then a flash, as smooth steel shoes strike swirling seas of  
sparks—  
A Train to the Sea.

## II

The lights are now on near the little building;  
The porter must see—  
Wisps of whispers wash away a little of the sand of time—  
A touch,  
And then an embrace; tender, but passionate; long, but short—  
A jerk,  
And then a pull, irresistible, unlimited by my stunted strength—  
A smile,  
And then a tear, ground into a crumbly, cindery nothingness by  
A Train to the Sea.

## III

The lights are now off in the little building ;  
And man need not see—  
A slow, low, blowing leaves on the twisted air—  
A puff,  
And then a breath of floated, moted perfume on the frigid wind—  
A clang,  
And then a clink ; fading, shading, as gay, frayed memories—  
A flash,  
And then a glint, as man-made planets, glass orbited, rush on—  
A Train to the Sea.

## EPILOGUE

This was of my part on  
A Train to the Sea—  
The part is my heart on  
A Train to the Sea—

— JAMES TAYLOR '47  
Bloomington High School  
Lorraine Kraft, teacher

## ONE STAR ALONE

Shall I reach for a star where stars are thick,  
Or shall I reach for one where stars are high?  
Shall I reach in a pile of sand and pick  
A thousand grains to have them slip on by?

'Tis better that I reach and lift a stone ;  
Between my fingers 'twill not slip nor fall ;  
'Tis better that I hold one star alone  
Than grasp a thousand, just to lose them all.

— LARRY CROSS '47  
Peoria Central High School  
Emily E. Rice, teacher

## WIND'S ABACUS

The wind is counting  
Raindrops on the telegraph line,  
Like a babe moving the beads of its abacus.

— BILL MEAD '48  
Decatur High School  
Eleanor Wyne, teacher

## TIME

Could I but have a seed of time  
To plant and nourish by my hand,  
How many deeds I might perform,  
How deep a joy and peace I'd find.

I want to learn, I want to teach,  
I want to sing, I want to preach.  
I want to have, I want to give,  
I want to love, I want to live.

But time is not a seed to plant  
For men who know not how to sow :  
For seed will die, and fruits will waste,  
If never cared for earnestly.

But rather time is seed for men  
Who know the sustenance of seed :  
A water from a stainless source ;  
A sun with rays of purity.

And so I long to be a man,  
An upright, fine, and holy man,  
Who finds a seed of time, and plants  
A seed of true eternity.

Then I can learn, and I can teach,  
And I can sing, and I can preach.  
Then I can have, and I can give,  
And I can love, and I can live.

— DOROTHY BROWN '48  
Evanston Township High School  
Ralph Potter, teacher



## EXHORTATION

Guide of the fates of men, lead me  
Higher now;  
Make me grow as a forest tree,  
Lofty, straight, and strong.

Comet-like, let me soar, almost  
To span the  
Shimmering, celestial host,  
Rising o'er my ken.

Yea, though the bitterness of life  
Fall upon me,  
Friends forsake, misfortunes rife  
Flail my soul.

Yet, will I strive to seek, to find  
That sought place,  
Free from pain, where men are kind,  
Whence arose my soul.

— BILL YOLTON '47  
Bloomington High School  
Lorraine Kraft, teacher

## THE CYCLE

Dawn, and the day is breaking,  
Noon, and the sun rides high,  
Dusk, and the shadows gather,  
Night, and a darkened sky.

Birth, and the cry awakens,  
Youth, and the shouts refrain,  
Age, and the voice is weary,  
Death, and at peace again.

— JOAN BIELEFELD '48  
Decatur High School  
Wilmer A. Lamar, teacher

## THE WIND

The wind went whining down the lane  
And whistling through the sullen trees,  
A lonely dog, which, crying low,  
One often hears, but never sees.

— HELEN BROWN '48  
Evanston Township High School  
Ralph Potter, teacher

## PATIENCE

Patience is a lovely thing,  
Calm endurance, fortitude,  
One's capacity to wait,  
Barrier to an anxious mood.

— HELEN BROWN '48  
Evanston Twp. High School  
Ralph Potter, teacher

## SILENCE

There is the silence of the church.  
Rows of pious and hypocritical masks placed intermittently in  
voiceless pews,  
Eyes upturned toward a stately figure in a hushed pulpit.  
Stilted silence.

There is the silence of a lonely man.  
Hours of longing and wretched desire ceaselessly tormenting the  
mind.  
Eyes hungrily gazing at passers-by with placid, blissful faces.  
Unhappy silence.

There is the silence of eternity.  
A dark-clothed figure laid on whispering satin cushions.  
A pale, restful face with closed eyes and mouth.  
Everlasting silence.

— EDMUND HAWES '47  
Lyons Township High School, LaGrange  
Dorles C. Parshall, teacher

## CAPISTRANO

The long crooked path strung behind,  
Fading into the mists of memories.  
A longer, more twisting path stretched ahead,  
Blending into the fogs of the unknown.

Sinking to the warm earth, I rested,  
Mourning my lonely past  
And musing on the fathomless future.  
I lay watching a great crimson sphere  
Lift its lustrous head above the blue mountains,  
And shoot golden spears into the valley below ;  
Spears that rent the misty gowns of night,  
And flung flickering flames into each dew-drop.  
The very ether was filled with a buoyant vigor  
That tantalized the dreamer.  
How gay the world was in its new frock !  
How it seemed to tingle with the exuberance  
Of another day, another beginning !

But my soul was weary of days and beginnings,  
Weary of the ever-twisting path ;  
Weary of the homeless journey ;  
Weary of the singing world and weeping heart.

High above, in the sapphire dome,  
A flock of swallows winged  
Their uncharted but guided way.  
Whence come these messengers of hope ?  
They emerge from the misty regions of night,  
Streak across the golden day,  
And rest in mellowed arches of accomplishment.

He who maps the flights of swallows,  
Traced this twisting path of mine.  
And as He shelters them at journey's end,  
Surely He has for me, also a Capistrano.

— BILL MEAD '48  
Decatur High School  
Eleanor Wyne, teacher

## BRICK AND MORTAR

Sleep, man-made Being.  
It is night, and they have deserted you.  
Your corridors have emptied ; your arteries are quiet now.  
Dusk has dropped and lighted the streets  
    below ; neon-emblazoned buildings  
    cast rainbow hues on the milling night life.  
Through glassy eyes you calmly, quietly watch  
    the ever-flowing throng—like night  
    things drawn to the magnetic river of light.  
Under your cold skin—dunnish brick, gray  
    indifferent mortar—you breathe and live :  
    steel guts and backbone ;  
    welded lungs of metal ;  
    heart of throbbing dynamos ;  
    myriad eyes of glass.  
Sleep, man-made Being.  
All life has left you but your own.

— G. CORNELL LAYNE '47  
Lyons Township High School, LaGrange  
Kathryn Keefe, teacher

## TO AN ELM

Mighty patriarch,  
Whose roots have striven down through ages past  
To drink of secret wells deep in the earth,  
What do you think of men?

Small creatures who, beneath your fan-shaped head,  
Crawl like ants on futile pilgrimages  
To garner, in their petty ways,  
Their petty loaves of bread.

— JEAN SCHILL '48  
West High School, Rockford  
Mary Carlson, teacher

## THE AFTERMATH

The tiger pads on velvet feet, "  
Over the mossy, deserted street;  
Where once a rajah great held sway,  
The slithering cobra glides today;  
Wild orchids burst like trumpet calls,  
Over the broken, tumbled walls;  
The towering trees uphold the sky  
And the only sound is the wild hawk's cry.  
What was once a city proud and great,  
Is now a part of the jungle's estate;  
The bleached, white bones of a skeleton lie,  
Empty eyesockets staring up to the sky;  
The bony lips a tale could tell,  
Of guns and noise and shrieking hell;  
The whispering sigh of a bullet's breath,  
Of retching, stinking, bloody death.  
Nine days of battle; then all is still,  
The great guns speak no more to kill.  
The jungle's peace once more descends,  
And erstwhile foes, in death, are friends.  
The months pass by and the great guns rust,  
The fragile humans crumble to dust,  
The sun beats down on the bleached, white bone,  
And the jungle creeps back to claim her own.

— JOANN WILCOX '47  
DeKalb Township High School  
E. Jessie Ely, teacher

## HIROSHIMA SCHOOL

"Now students,  
We shall study the great advancements  
Modern men have made in civilization."  
A plane flies over, a steel missile falls.  
Civilization marches on.

— BILL MEAD '48  
Decatur High School  
Eleanor Wyne, teacher



## ON PLAYING CLAIR DE LUNE

The night's lovely melody  
Cleanses the stain of bitterness and pain :  
It is soft and fragrant  
Like fresh spring flowers  
Closing their delicate petals at twilight,  
Keeping fragile pastel colors from the world till dawn.  
Its touch is the satiny garment of an ivory water lily ;  
It is summer evenings' moonbeams  
And stars blending with a white beach  
And the quiet tide of never ceasing waters.  
It is calm like the moments when prayers  
Are murmured in the darkness.  
It is sweetness and tenderness  
That haunts one's soul.  
With its warmth it excites and quickens ;  
It is the song of ecstasy  
That lifts the heavy heart.

— JOANN RIDGEWAY '48  
West High School, Rockford  
Maud Weinschenk, teacher

## SYMPHONY

Spellbound I watched the dark figure  
As from the violins he drew shimmering strands of silver ;  
And from the basses, smooth, golden threads.  
Misty shadows he plucked from the woodwinds —  
Brilliance, from the drums.  
Then, gathering them all in his fingers,  
He wove a mysterious pattern of melody  
Which filled the empty world with its music.

— CREDWYN MAHANNAH  
Manual Training H. S., Peoria  
Mollie Rabold, teacher

## SONNET TO YOUTH

How is it possible for me to write.

A sonnet when I've lived a sheltered life?

No pain, or fear, or death was mine to fight;

No sorrow brought my soul into its strife.

An easy path I've followed to destroy

The harm or shame that any life could bring.

My way of loving did not know the joy

And jealousy which make a sonnet sing.

And I am learning now the ache of hearts

And minds, the fear when death brings sorrow bleak;

Now I alone am left, my love departs.

Too late I find the words I could not speak.

A message bring I, therefore, now to you.

It's your life only, live it. Take what's due.

— SANDRA LUKEY '47  
Decatur High School  
Wilmer A. Lamar, teacher

## A SONNET

When in despair with gaudy Kresge toys,

And wishing I could smash each worthless one,

And paddle all the little girls and boys

Who mess my counter in their boisterous fun;

Wishing I could leave this hectic place,

Moving where peace and order reign supreme,

Like at the counter over 'cross the way

Where ribbons, towels, and knitting yarn are seen;

Yet in my thoughts my work almost despising,

The brighter side comes, removes each foolish doubt,

And suddenly I find my spirits rising

Like gay balloons the children toss about;

For each sweet hour with these girls and boys

Helps me to see their human, childish joys.

— CAROLYN DIERSEN '47  
Bloom Township H. S., Chicago Heights  
Florence Wallace, teacher

## IF

If I could watch the sands of time run out,  
Without its sad effect upon myself ;  
If I could see the very life blood thin  
In someone else o'er years of rugged life ;  
If I could stand and watch this grand world spin  
Through years of war and peace and life and death,  
Or truly see the rich for what they are,  
Or know the hardships of the very poor ;  
If maybe I could see some child at play,  
Not wanting food nor place to sleep at night,  
And then look down on some poor Chinese lad  
Who has to fight for every beat of his  
Great heart or every breath in one sad day ;  
If I could watch all of these things take place  
From now until the end of earthly time,  
From some celestial world far, far away,  
Or from this very earth by some strange power,  
Then maybe I would know the reason why  
Our life goes on though great and dear ones fall,  
And maybe then I'd find the one great truth  
That this old life's worth living after all.

— HOWARD EBY '49  
Naperville High School  
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

## METAMORPHOSIS

Behind the night  
There lies a way  
For bringing forth  
Another day.  
From out the day  
In all its light  
There shines a plea  
For somber night.

— THERESE TRUITT '49  
University H. S., Urbana  
Dorothy Swindell, teacher

## SEPTEMBER

September is a lovely month,  
Many say.  
But that's the month when school begins!  
I like May.

— CAROLYN KLITZING '47  
Decatur High School  
Wilmer A. Lamar, teacher

## THE SAILOR

The sailor's heart is a rover's heart;  
Its beat is sure and true.  
His dreams are the dreams of the rolling waves,  
White sails, and the ocean's blue.

His home is a ship on the sea's rough breast,  
Rocked by the windy gale.  
His love is a craft of the Spanish Main,  
Battered by storm and hail.

The breaker's roar is his lullaby  
And the creak of the mainsail's pull,  
While the fairest sight that meets his eye  
Is a ship with her canvas full.

He sails his craft by the Southern Cross  
As proud at her helm he stands,  
For he loves the feel of her slender prow  
Obeying his wind-browned hands.

And a sailor dies as a warrior dies,  
In search of his master's quest,  
While the spray leaps high towards the storm-bound sky,  
And the wind shouts a warning jest.

— BETSY ASHLEY '47  
Lyons Township High School, LaGrange  
Kathryn Keefe, teacher

## MY EARTH

The voices of the family talking—  
Mother about a radio program she'd heard  
Or even the sun and the singing of a bird,  
A friend she'd met,  
Something she'd forgot to get—  
They're not earth moving events,  
Except to me.

The voices of the family talking—  
Sister about her school day  
Or something she had done in play,  
A show she'd seen,  
Where she had been,—  
They're not earth moving events,  
Except to me.

The voices of the family talking—  
Father about the fresh snow  
Or a place where he must go,  
An old friend,  
Something to mend—  
They're not earth moving events  
Except to me.

— BETTY HALLEN '47  
West High School, Rockford  
Lois Dilley, teacher



## NIGHT

Night is an owl  
Dark,  
Eerie,  
Full of wonderment.

Night is a wolf  
With its long, low cry  
Of mystery.

Night is a kitten  
On soft toes creeping  
Softly  
On . . . on.

Night is a little lamb,  
Gentle and comforting  
To those weary  
From the day,  
Ready for peace and quiet.

— ANN OVERBECK  
Evanston Twp. High School  
Mildred Hudson, teacher

## TRIOLET

Winter's here to stay;  
You can see it in the sky.  
And the chilling winds all say,  
"Winter's here to stay."

Up above the tree-trunks gray  
Naked branches seem to cry,  
"Winter's here to stay."  
You can see it in the sky.

— BARBARA BROWNE '48  
University H. S., Normal  
Ruth Stroud, teacher

## FEAR

The stars were gone. The moon had  
 Vanished behind dark clouds. Black trees  
 Were whispering vainly to themselves  
 Of secrets known to them alone. The wind  
 Was dead. Between the layers  
 Of the dark, a river flowed—  
 Quiet, deep.

I stood alone. I heard the river  
 Lap at muddy banks ; there was fear  
 In the darkness :  
 The fear that caused the wind to hush  
 And moon and stars alike to hide.  
 Shuddering, fascinated,  
 I gazed into the river's frowning face  
 And knew—this was the gloom  
 Of Death.

— MARINA BADGETT '48  
 Lyons Township H. S., LaGrange  
 Dorles C. Parshall, teacher

## BY GLORIVIED BISERY

Frob, early sprig to lade id fall,  
 I just dode have doe fud at all ;  
 The dears streab dowd frob eyes of red ;  
 I sobtibes wish thad I was dead.

By dose id ruds and goes dowhere ;  
 I sdeeze repeatedly. Id ade fair  
 That I should be the odly wud  
 Who has hayfever through subber's sud !

— JANE GADDIS '49  
 Calumet High School, Chicago  
 Elsie Filippi, teacher

## THE EXPERIENCED

They sit and sing a solemn song  
Of love and death and foreign climes ;  
They live while I can only long,  
And spoil a page with foolish rhymes.

— CAROLYN KALAL, '48  
J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero  
M. A. Diez, teacher

## YOU'RE IN LOVE

If every time you see his face,  
Little shivers begin to lace  
A pattern down your spine ;  
And his name you write on your chemistry paper  
Instead of a formula learned for vapor.  
Don't despair—  
It's nothing rare.  
You're in love !

All of a sudden the stars are brighter,  
Winter is spring, and dark days lighter.  
Why have you started to croon and sing  
While waiting around for the telephone's ring ?  
Come on ; get smart.  
It's from your heart.  
You're in love !

When the dog eats half your meal  
And movie heroes have no appeal,  
Don't think of life as a sad, sad plight ;  
Just remember whom you dreamed of last night.  
It's a treat,  
Oh, so sweet !  
You're in love !

— DONNA KARLIN '47  
West High School, Rockford  
Lois Dilley, teacher

## VIOLETS

The violets on the window sill  
Are very sad I know,  
They have to look at sun and rain  
Through glass; yet still they grow.

— MIMI LOOMIS '49  
University H. S., Urbana  
Dorothy Swindell, teacher

## PROMISE OF SPRING

Today I saw a violet.  
She seemed to me quite shy;  
And as I watched her tiny face,  
I think she winked an eye.

I took her home where all could see  
And placed her there quite high:  
I wanted her to smile again,  
But all she did was sigh.

She must have missed her tiny friends,  
Perhaps her lover true;  
For, after all, a violet  
Gets awfully lonesome, too.

It made me sad to see her wilt,  
Her lovely petals fade.  
I took her to her field again,  
This lovely, dying maid.

And though she died 'twas not in vain;  
Her memory will sing  
Of all the lovely promises  
Which come with every spring.

— SAUNDRA SIMPSON '51  
Bloomington High School  
May English, teacher

## REBELLION

Arise, my heart, on shining wings.  
Skim o'er the Milky Way.  
When to my robe a moonbeam clings  
And stars impede my way,  
I'll pin my cares to a comet's tail  
And laugh in impish glee ;  
My conscience, too, I'll set a-sail  
For I'll be free, be free.  
And with the dawn I shall descend  
Once more to earthly lair.  
But I'll recall my rendezvous :  
There's stardust in my hair.

— MARY JANE BERKSTRESSER '47  
Mt. Carroll High School  
Robert Hodges, teacher

## POEMS IN FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

## I

Did you know that I stood there  
With the wind whipping fear into my face,  
Feeling each wave beat against the shore  
Out of time with my heart,  
While you braced a distant helm  
And laughed at the storm ?

## II

You've been away a year, my friend ;  
I should be glad to see you.  
And since I've not a heart to spend,  
I've grace enough to free you.

So go along and ask not why ;  
To linger is imprudent.  
You taught me how to kiss and fly,  
And I'm a worthy student.

— BETSY FINKENSTADT '48  
West High School, Rockford  
Bertha Vincent, teacher



## MONKEY ISLAND

There was a tropic island  
Amid the tropic seas,  
Where lived a band of monkeys,  
As happy as you please.

These monkeys were quite peaceful  
And they never, never fought ;  
'Cause they didn't know what war was ;  
'Cause they never had been taught.

These monkeys all were neighborly—  
They were minus rank or station.  
They didn't know 'bout blue-blood  
'Cause they had no education.

But alas for Monkey Island !  
Soon there came across the sea  
A boat, with teachers loaded,  
And they numbered twenty-three.

The boat dashed on the sandy beach  
From the ocean wave so blue ;  
And out stepped Mr. Olsape  
And C. J. Peacekow too.

All the monkeys came to listen—  
For polite their customs were.  
Then up stood C. J. Peacekow  
And to their chief said, "Sir !

We've come to teach your children  
The things they ought to know ;  
About the world outside you  
And what makes monkeys grow."

And the chief, because illiterate,  
Knew nothing else to do,  
But to let that band of teachers  
Dupe the poor, poor monkeys too.

So they built a big, red schoolhouse  
And they sent the children there;  
And the parents spent their evenings  
With homework in their hair.

And the teachers made assignments  
(Such as writing "pomes" and plays).  
The little monkeys worked all night  
As well as working days.

Then came the great commencement!  
The teachers were so pleased  
To hand to all diplomas:  
"Bachelor of Scratching Fleas."

Now the teachers have departed,  
But the island ain't the same,  
And they think on Monkey Island,  
It was better 'fore they came.

'Cause the high IQ's are crazy,  
And the stupid ones are dead;  
And the average ones stay home all day  
With ice packs on their heads.

The listener who's been pondering  
Says, "Now, if this story's true,  
What's the use of education?"  
Hm-m-m, a right good question, too.

— GARLAND RUSSELL '50  
Lyons Township H. S., LaGrange  
Grace Christopherson, teacher

## THE GOOSE EGG AND I

"Some people work on each day's lesson,  
Know all the answers, and do no guessin'.

I don't.

Others work all night and slave away  
Just to pass the test next day.

I don't.

You won't see me carry home a book,  
Or through its contents take a look.  
Homework's all right for the other guys,  
But not for me; it hurts my eyes.

From what I've told you 'bout my class,  
I'll bet you think I never pass.

I don't.

— JAMES J. HOVORKA '48  
J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero  
M. H. Boley, teacher

## HOPELESS?

A fluffy cloud of lemon frost—  
Oh! Wouldn't it be thrilling  
If I could only turn out such  
A smooth, delicious filling?

My whipped cream icing might be used  
For glue when mending fixtures,  
I wonder if I'll ever learn  
How long to cook these mixtures!

My Mother's cooking seems to be  
The best I've ever tasted,  
But when I wield the mixing spoon  
The effort's simply wasted.

— NORMA HUDSON '47  
Decatur High School  
Wilmer A. Lamar, teacher

## SPRING WEATHER

The north side of every conceivable thing  
Is plastered with snow on the third day of spring.  
The wires are drooping half way to the ground,  
While the snow covered earth hushes each sound.  
The snow on the eaves makes a beautiful sight,  
They look as if trimmed for a gay Christmas night.  
The beauty enthralls me, yet I sigh with disgust,  
For I've a new Easter outfit, and wear it I must.

— ALAYNE AHBE '49

Maine Township H. S., Park Ridge  
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

## DON'T GET ME WRONG

Don't get me wrong, I like the radio—  
I listen to it every chance I get.  
But still there are some things that I detest;  
In fact, there are some things I just can't stand!  
I hate announcers who will always say,  
"Here comes a gal who's long been tops with me,  
And after you have heard her you'll agree.  
No introduction to you needs this star;  
I'm happy to present Miss Lorelei."  
You've never heard of her, but neither has  
This jerk grandiloquent until this day.  
I also hate the blokes that start with this:  
"I saw the funniest thing enroute tonight."  
And commentators who read bulletins  
As if rehearsing for dramatic roles.  
I hate commercials that, by trying hard,  
Will drag in anything to sell their stuff.  
Don't get me wrong, I like the radio—  
I listen to it every chance I get.

— TOM BROWN '49

Naperville High School  
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

## JACK OF HEARTS

Amanda ruled, the Kitchen Queen,  
A rolling pin her scepter,  
One taste of courtly pie would show  
Why Mrs. Allen kept her.

She made her stew, or roast, or steak,  
With most majestic hand,  
And pie, or cake, or Swedish rolls  
Were made with gestures grand.

She kept an almost jealous guard  
Upon her sole domain,  
At busy times, invaders bold  
Would never long remain.

To one alone did drawbridge drop,  
Just one might cross the moat,  
To one alone her highness bowed  
And placed, on hook, a coat.

Just one, with sure intrepid step,  
Would dare to take such action,  
When Jack, the Irish gardener, came  
He was the ruling faction.

— MARY ELIZABETH LIND '47  
Mercy High School, Chicago  
Sister Mary Evelyn, teacher

## TO AN AMOEBA

You puny bit of jellied stuff,  
Do you know where you are going?  
You inch along, and say, Amoeb,  
Your psuedopods are showing!

— JANE GADDIS '49  
Calumet High School, Chicago  
Elsie Filippi, teacher